



— AN ASSASSIN'S CREED<sup>®</sup> SERIES —

DENNIS CALERO

NOV '16  
COVER A

# TEMPLARS



COVER BY:  
JOHN MCCREA



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# ASSASSIN'S CREED TEMPLARS

## CROSS OF WAR

With their original connection to Black Cross severed, the Templar Order has set their sights on tracing Albie Bolden's lineage, in the hopes of further exploring the history of this mysterious figure.

Agents Juhani Otso Berg and Violet de Costa have located one such descendent. But will they be able to convince a cynical former soldier to join their cause?



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# ASSASSIN'S CREED® TEMPLARS

## CROSS OF WAR

PART 1 OF 4

+

WRITER & ARTIST  
DENNIS CALERO

+

LETTERER

RICHARD STARKINGS AND COMICRAFT'S  
JIMMY BETANCOURT

+

COLORIST

DENNIS CALERO

+

SENIOR EDITOR

ANDREW JAMES

+

EDITOR

TOM WILLIAMS

+

SENIOR DESIGNER

ANDREW LEUNG

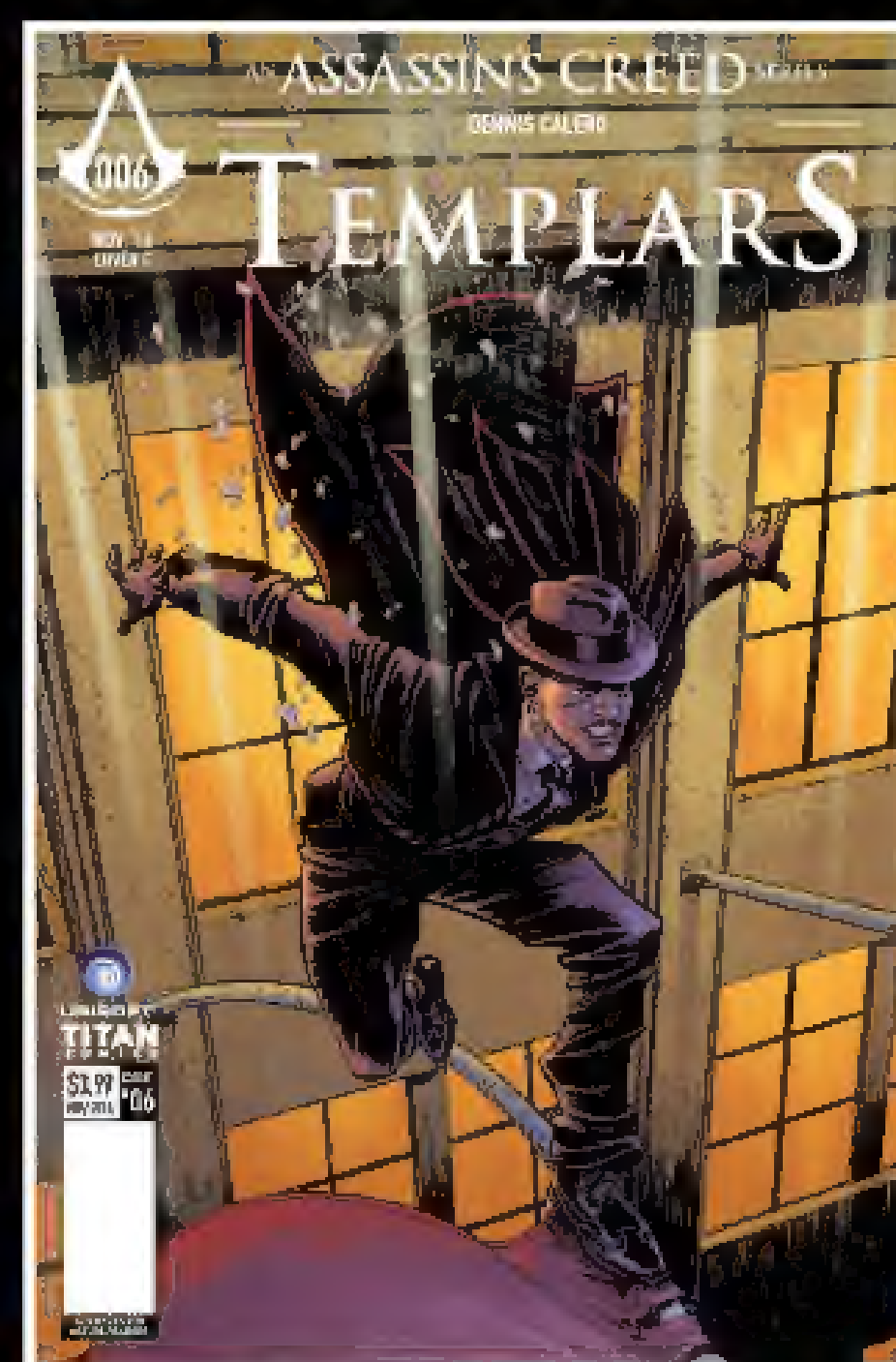
COVERS CHECKLIST



ARTIST A: John Mccrea & Mike Spicer



ARTIST B: Maria Laura Sanapo



ARTIST C: Adam Gorham

### TITAN COMICS

**TITAN COMICS EDITORIAL** Jessica Burton,  
Amoona Saohin, Lauren McPhee  
**PRODUCTION ASSISTANT** Peter James  
**PRODUCTION SUPERVISORS** Jackie Flook,  
Maria Pearson  
**PRODUCTION MANAGER** Obi Onuora  
**ART DIRECTOR** Oz Browne  
**SENIOR SALES MANAGER** Steve Tothill  
**PRESS OFFICER** Will O'Mullane

#### DIRECT SALES / MARKETING MANAGER

Ricky Claydon  
**COMMERCIAL MANAGER** Michelle Fairlamb  
**HEAD OF RIGHTS** Jenny Boyce  
**PUBLISHING MANAGER** Darryl Tothill  
**PUBLISHING DIRECTOR** Chris Teather  
**OPERATIONS DIRECTOR** Leigh Baulch  
**EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR** Vivian Cheung  
**PUBLISHER** Nick Landau

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A man with short dark hair, wearing a red long-sleeved shirt and dark pants, is leaning over a desk. He is pouring coffee from a silver pot into a white mug. On the desk, there is a yellow sticky note and a pen. In the background, there is a lamp and some papers. The scene is lit with warm, golden light from the top left.

THANK YOU  
FOR THE COFFEE,  
MR. BOLDEN.

NO TROUBLE.  
I HAVEN'T HAD  
TO GET UP EARLY  
ENOUGH TO NEED  
IT IN A LONG  
TIME.

DID YOU  
SAY YOU'RE  
FROM THE  
VA?

NOT  
EXACTLY.





YOU WANT TO HELP ME WITH MY...WHAT YOU CALL IT... **PTSD?**

I DON'T SEE MUCH POINT. MY WAR WAS A LONG TIME AGO.



ABSTERGO INDUSTRIES CARES ABOUT ALL OUR VETERANS. WE HAVE A VERY **SPECIAL** PROGRAM DESIGNED SPECIFICALLY FOR FORMER SOLDIERS WITH YOUR... ISSUES.

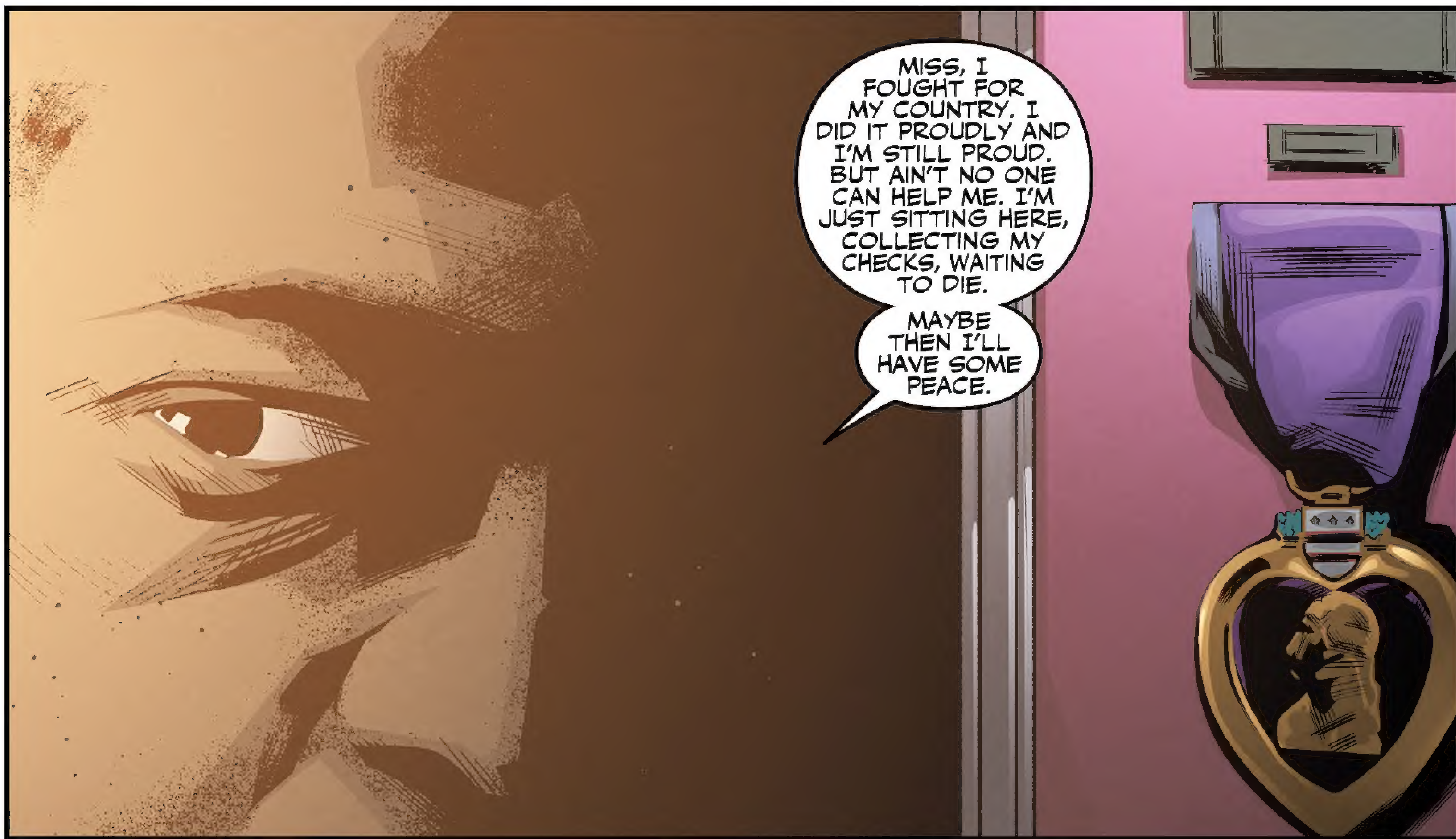
DARLIN', I'M SEVENTY-TWO YEARS OLD. I DON'T GOT ISSUES. I GOT **PROBLEMS.**



WHEN I CAME BACK FROM VIETNAM, MY HEAD WAS SO FULL OF SNAKES, IT TOOK ME TEN YEARS JUST TO HOLD DOWN A JOB.

THEN I GET LUCKY AND MEET THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN BALTIMORE AND SHE LETS ME BE A FATHER TO HER LITTLE GIRL...THEN I DRIVE THEM OFF WITH MY CARRYING ON.

AIN'T SEEN NEITHER ONE IN TEN YEARS.



MISS, I FOUGHT FOR MY COUNTRY. I DID IT PROUDLY AND I'M STILL PROUD. BUT AIN'T NO ONE CAN HELP ME. I'M JUST SITTING HERE, COLLECTING MY CHECKS, WAITING TO DIE.

MAYBE THEN I'LL HAVE SOME PEACE.







# Abstergo Industries, Philadelphia

MR. BOLDEN,  
A PLEASURE. I  
TRUST THE HOTEL  
IS TO YOUR  
LIKING.

I'M JUHANI  
OTSO BERG. I'M  
THE DIRECTOR HERE  
AT ABSTERGO  
MEDICAL.

CAN'T FOOL  
ME, MR. BERG.  
I KNOW A SOLIDER  
WHEN I SHAKE  
ONE'S HAND.

NOT TO  
MENTION MY  
FACE, YES?

I  
WAS A SOLDIER,  
MR. BOLDEN.  
NOW I TRY TO HELP  
THEM WITH OUR  
ADVANCED MEDICAL  
FACILITIES.

THIS  
DOESN'T LOOK  
LIKE A HOSPITAL.  
MORE LIKE A  
GODDAM EPISODE  
OF STAR  
TREK.

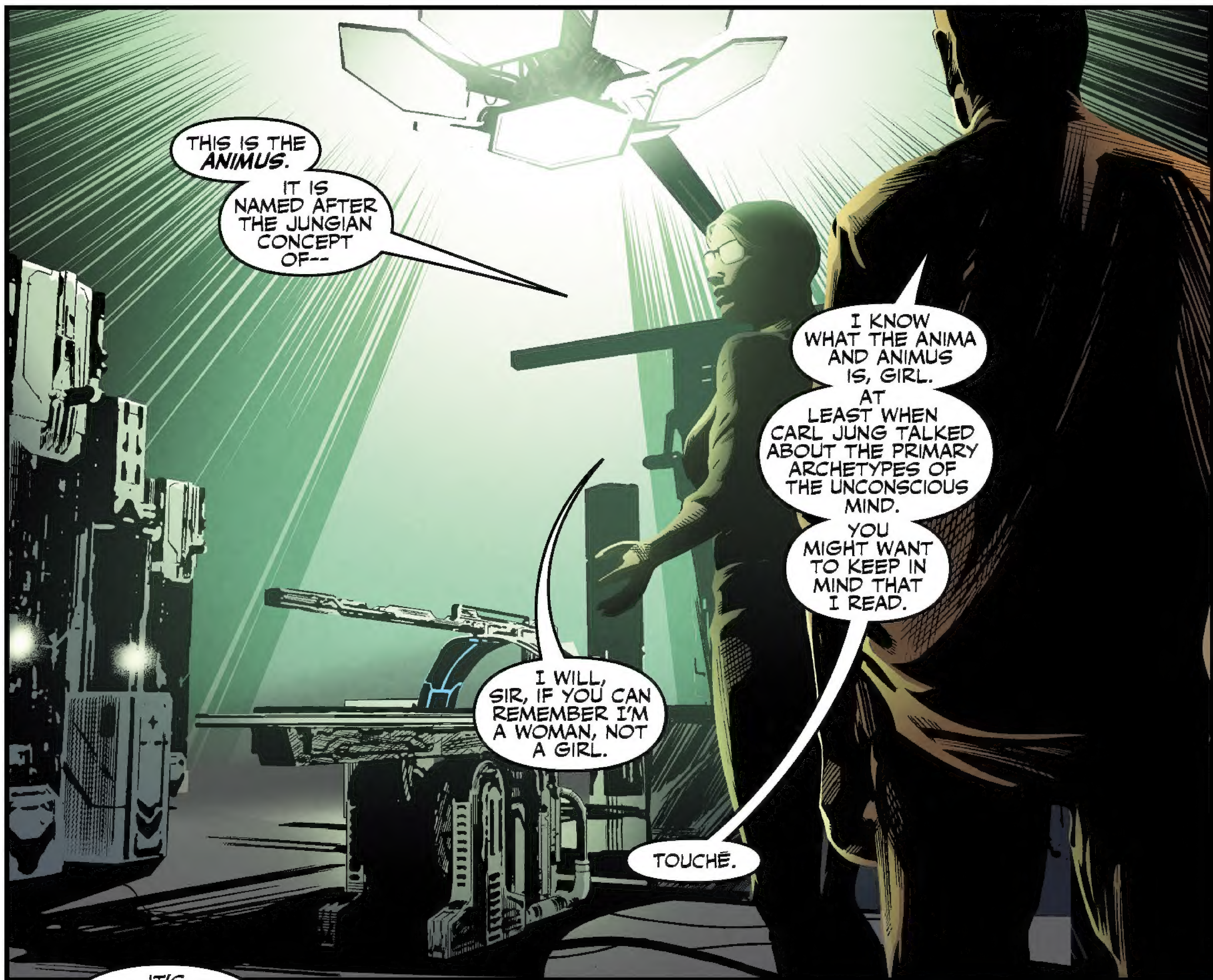
OUR  
**MEDICAL BAY**  
IS THIS WAY. IT  
REQUIRES A LOT  
OF SPECIAL  
TECHNOLOGY  
TO RUN.

THIS IS  
CAITLIN GIFT. SHE'S  
ONE OF OUR SENIOR  
TECHNICIANS.

HELLO,  
SIR. I'LL BE  
GUIDING YOUR  
EXPERIENCE IN  
THE ANIMUS  
TODAY.

THE  
ANI-WHUT?





THIS IS THE  
**ANIMUS**.

IT IS  
NAMED AFTER  
THE JUNGIAN  
CONCEPT  
OF--

I KNOW  
WHAT THE ANIMA  
AND ANIMUS  
IS, GIRL.  
AT  
LEAST WHEN  
CARL JUNG TALKED  
ABOUT THE PRIMARY  
ARCHETYPES OF  
THE UNCONSCIOUS  
MIND.

YOU  
MIGHT WANT  
TO KEEP IN  
MIND THAT  
I READ.

I WILL,  
SIR, IF YOU CAN  
REMEMBER I'M  
A WOMAN, NOT  
A GIRL.

TOUCHE.



IT'S  
ESSENTIALLY A  
VIRTUAL REALITY  
MACHINE THAT WILL  
ALLOW US TO GO  
THROUGH YOUR  
MEMORIES.

GO  
AHEAD AND  
LIE DOWN.

SO THIS IS  
SOME SORT OF  
THERAPY?

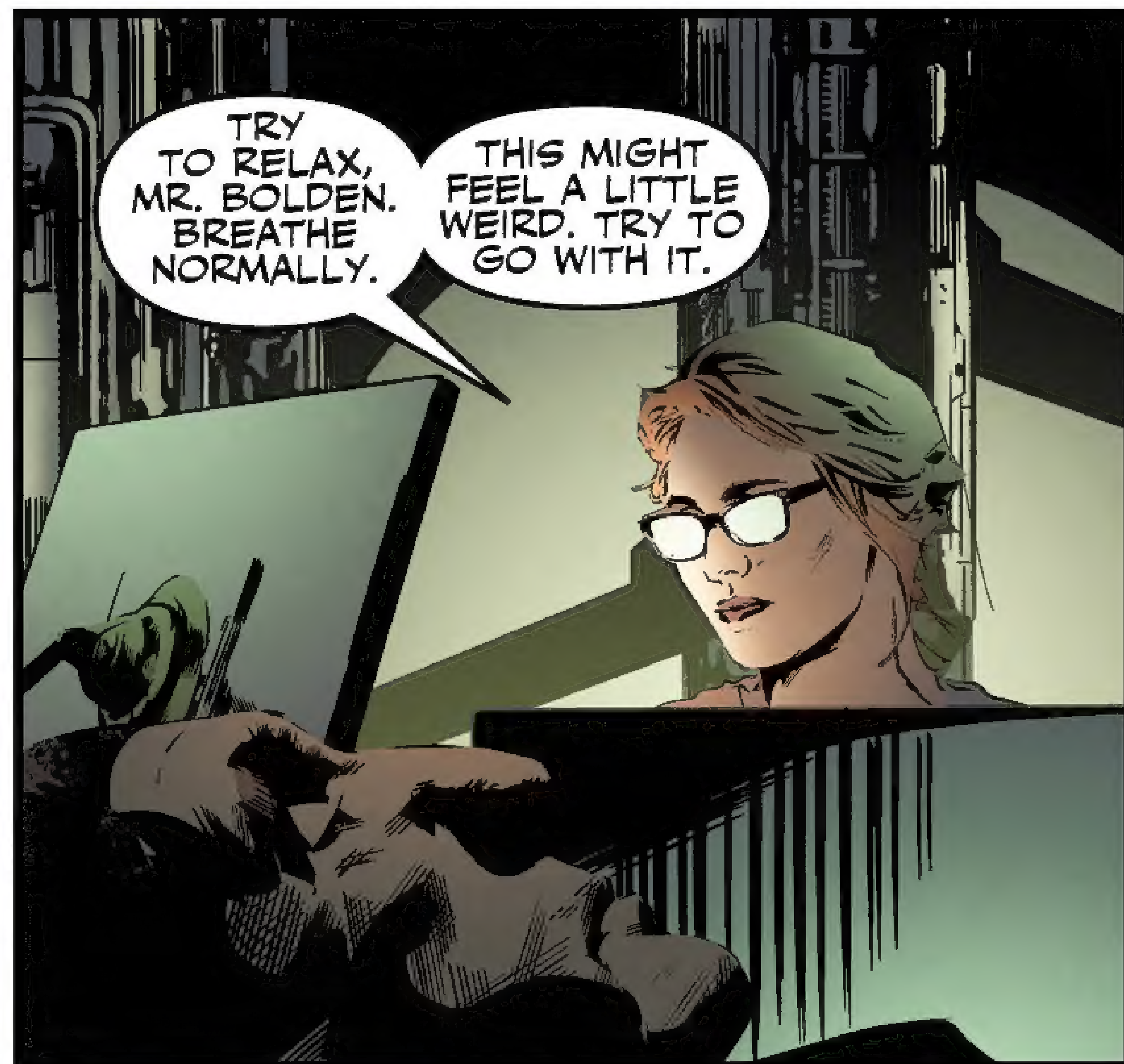
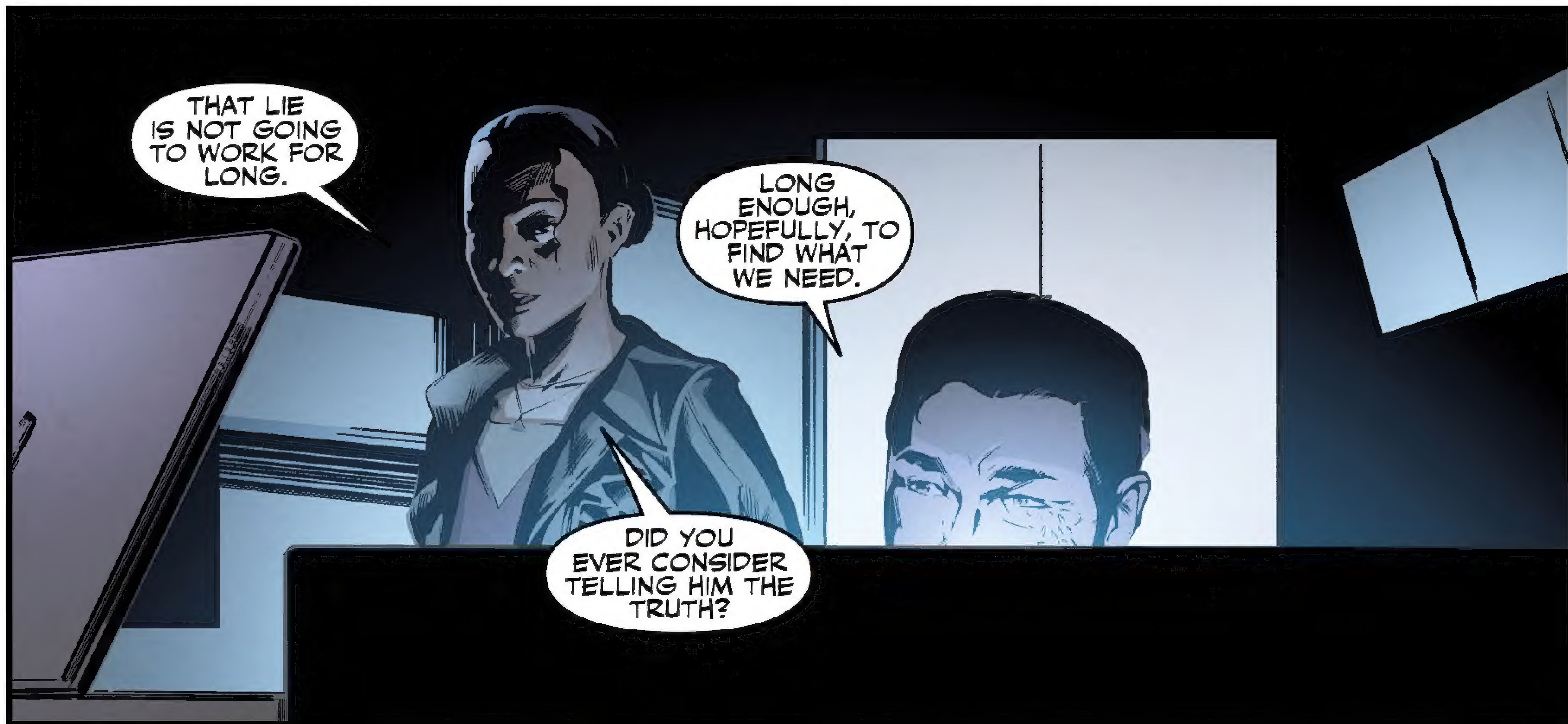


IN A WAY,  
YES. MS. DA COSTA  
AND I ARE GOING  
INTO THE MONITORING  
ROOM. CAITLIN WILL  
STAY HERE AND BE  
YOUR GUIDE.

THERE'S  
NOTHING  
TO WORRY  
ABOUT.

HMM.  
NOBODY  
SAYS THAT  
UNLESS THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
TO WORRY  
ABOUT.







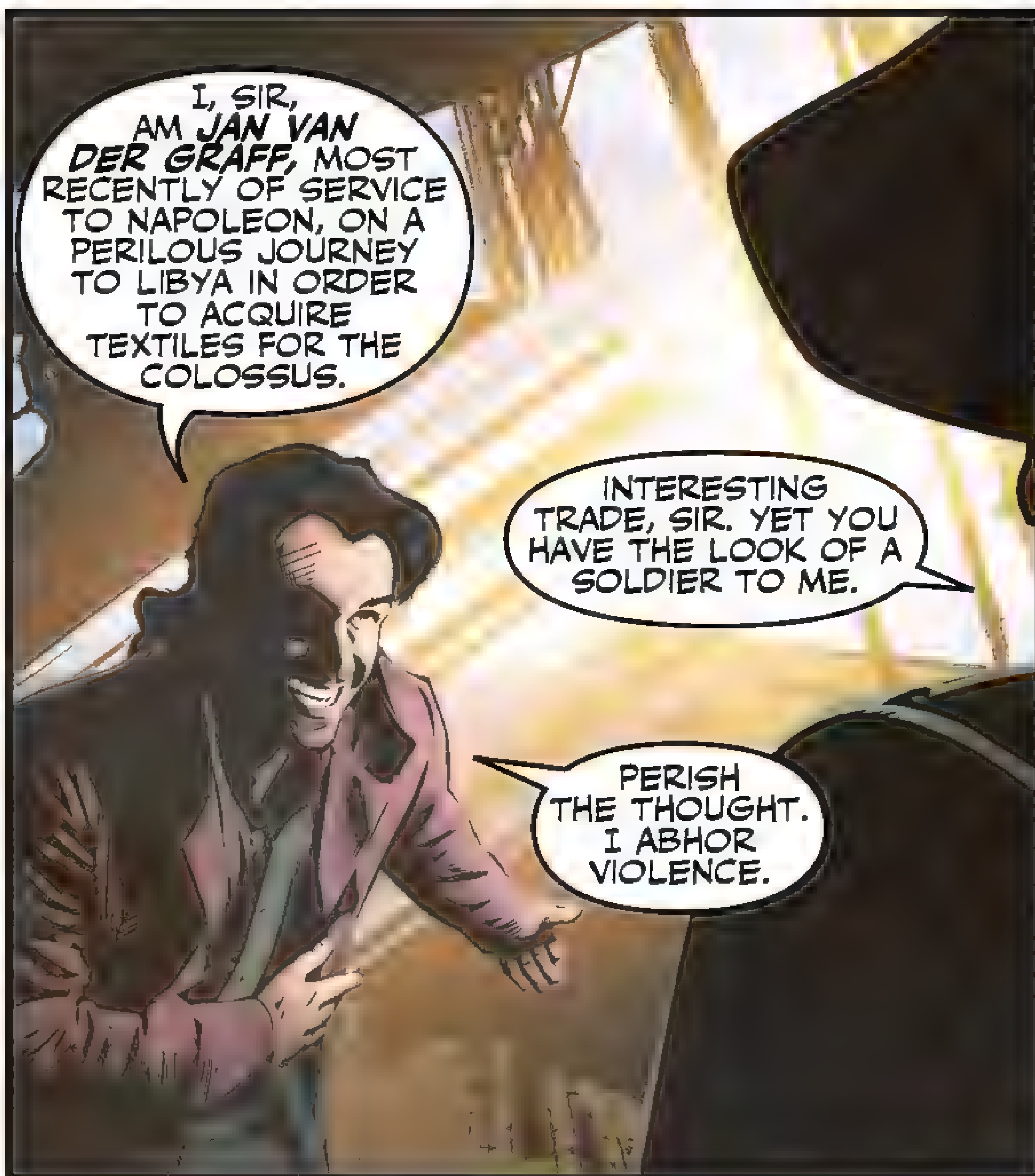
Mediterranean Sea,  
The Painted Lady, Merchant Ship,  
Italy to Libya  
1805







I AM **SOLOMON BOLDEN**, SIR. AND YOU ARE?



I, SIR, AM **JAN VAN DER GRAFF**, MOST RECENTLY OF SERVICE TO NAPOLEON, ON A PERILOUS JOURNEY TO LIBYA IN ORDER TO ACQUIRE TEXTILES FOR THE COLOSSUS.

INTERESTING TRADE, SIR. YET YOU HAVE THE LOOK OF A SOLDIER TO ME.

PERISH THE THOUGHT. I ABHOR VIOLENCE.



BUT SOLDIERS MUST HAVE UNIFORMS, AND I AM HAPPY TO SERVE MY CORSICAN FRIEND IN ANY WAY I CAN.

AND YOUR BUSINESS?

I MAKE WAY TO TRIPOLI TO ACQUIRE SLAVES.



SLAVERY. AN UGLY BUSINESS.

I DON'T RECALL INQUIRING AS TO YOUR OPINION, SIR.

INDEED. CERTAINLY IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD, ETHICAL OPINION IS A COMMODITY WITH LESS VALUE THAN EITHER CLOTH OR SKIN.



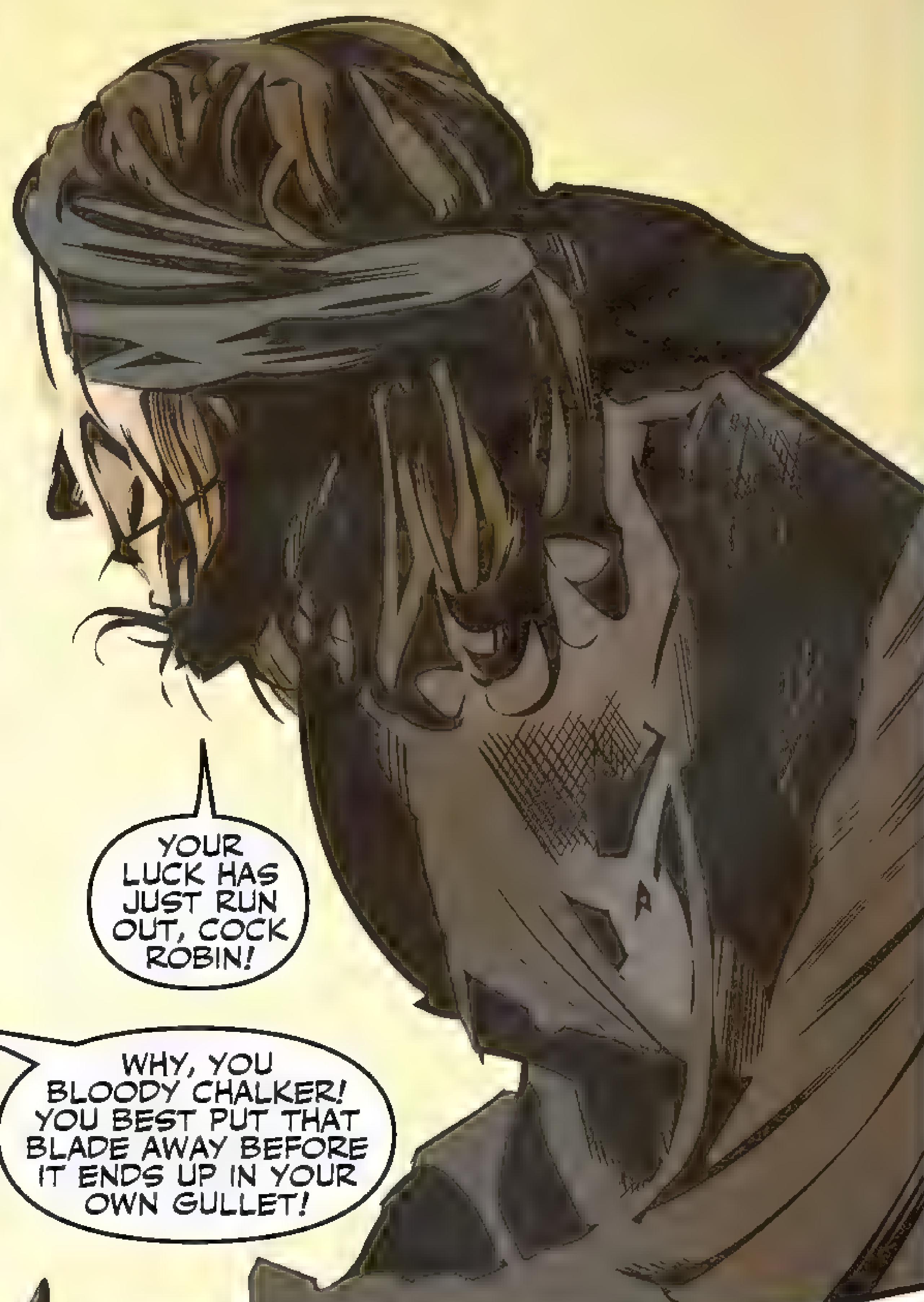
FORGIVE ME. I AM KNOWN FOR HAVING A WAY WITH WORDS AND THEY TYPICALLY GET AWAY FROM ME.

JUDGING BY SHEER VOLUME, YOUR WORDSMITHERY MUST BE LEGENDARY.



HA! TOUCHE, MY FRIEND.









I SUPPOSE  
YOU ARE FORTUNATE  
THAT THE SHIP HAS  
NOT YET PROCURED  
ITS STORE OF  
MANURE.



**FWSHH**



BEST BE  
KEEPING YOUR  
BLADE SHEATHED  
FOR THE REST OF  
THE VOYAGE,  
SIR.

AND YOU  
RUFFLERS  
KEEP YOUR  
HEADS!

AYE,  
MASTER.  
THANK  
YOU.



VIOLENCE.  
DETESTABLE.





THE WINDS  
BLOW STRANGELY  
QUIET, DO THEY NOT,  
MY FRIEND?



EVEN  
THIS BAND OF  
RUFFIANS SIT QUIET,  
SPEAKING IN THE  
MEASURED TONE OF  
THE SUPERSTITIOUS  
AND GUILTY.

WHICH  
ARE YOU?

NEITHER.

DOES  
YOUR POETRY NOT  
EVEN ABATE FOR YOU  
TO EAT? OR ARE  
WORDS ENOUGH TO  
SUSTAIN YOU?



DON'T  
MIND IF I  
DO.

THAT WASN'T  
AN INVITATION.

SIGH.

WHAT  
IS IT YOU  
WANT OF ME,  
GRAFF?



I MADE NO  
MENTION OF A  
REQUEST...

...BUT  
NOW THAT YOU  
MENTION IT...





IT OCCURS TO ME THAT YOU AND I ARE ON SIMILAR JOURNEYS, SO TO SPEAK.

WE COULD HELP EACH OTHER.

I DON'T SEE HOW.

COME NOW.



THIS IS A DANGEROUS PART OF THE WORLD FOR MEN LIKE YOU AND I.

AND WHAT SORT OF MEN ARE WE, PRAY TELL?

MEN WITH SECRETS.



ALL I'M SUGGESTING IS THAT TWO MEN WITH SIMILAR AIMS ARE SAFER TRAVELLING TOGETHER.



YOU THINK YOU KNOW ME. YOU DON'T.

ENJOY YOUR DINNER.





NOW  
JUST HEAR  
ME OUT.

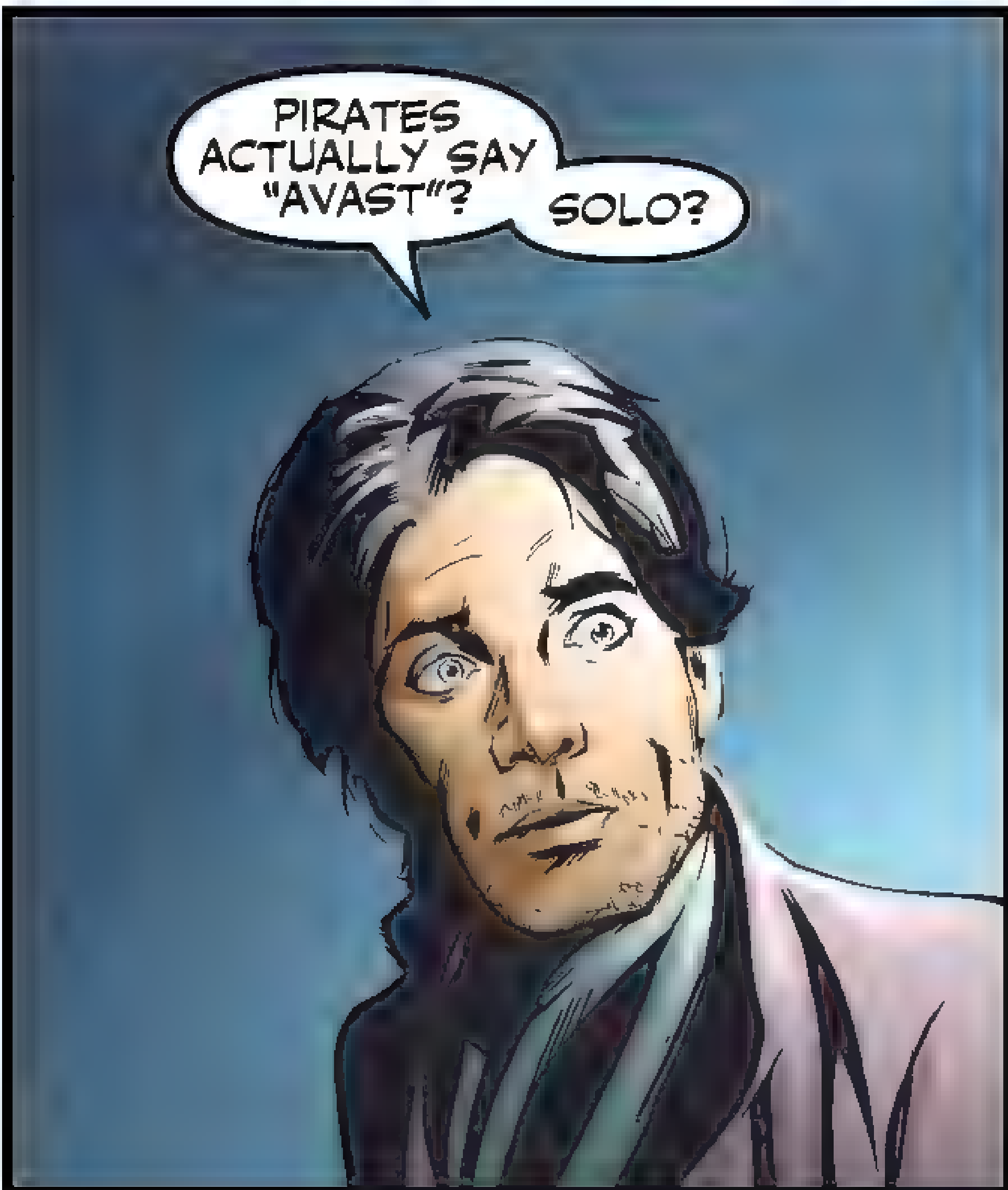
I'M  
TELLING YOU  
FOR THE LAST  
TIME...



...LOOK  
FOR YOUR  
CUTTHROAT  
SOMEWHERE  
ELSE!



AVAST!



PIRATES  
ACTUALLY SAY  
"AVAST"? SOLO?



PERHAPS  
I MISJUDGED  
THE MAN.

SAY  
THERE  
BOY!  
AN  
ALARM MAY BE  
APPROPRIATE!



THINKK

ALARM!  
ALARM!  
PIRATES!



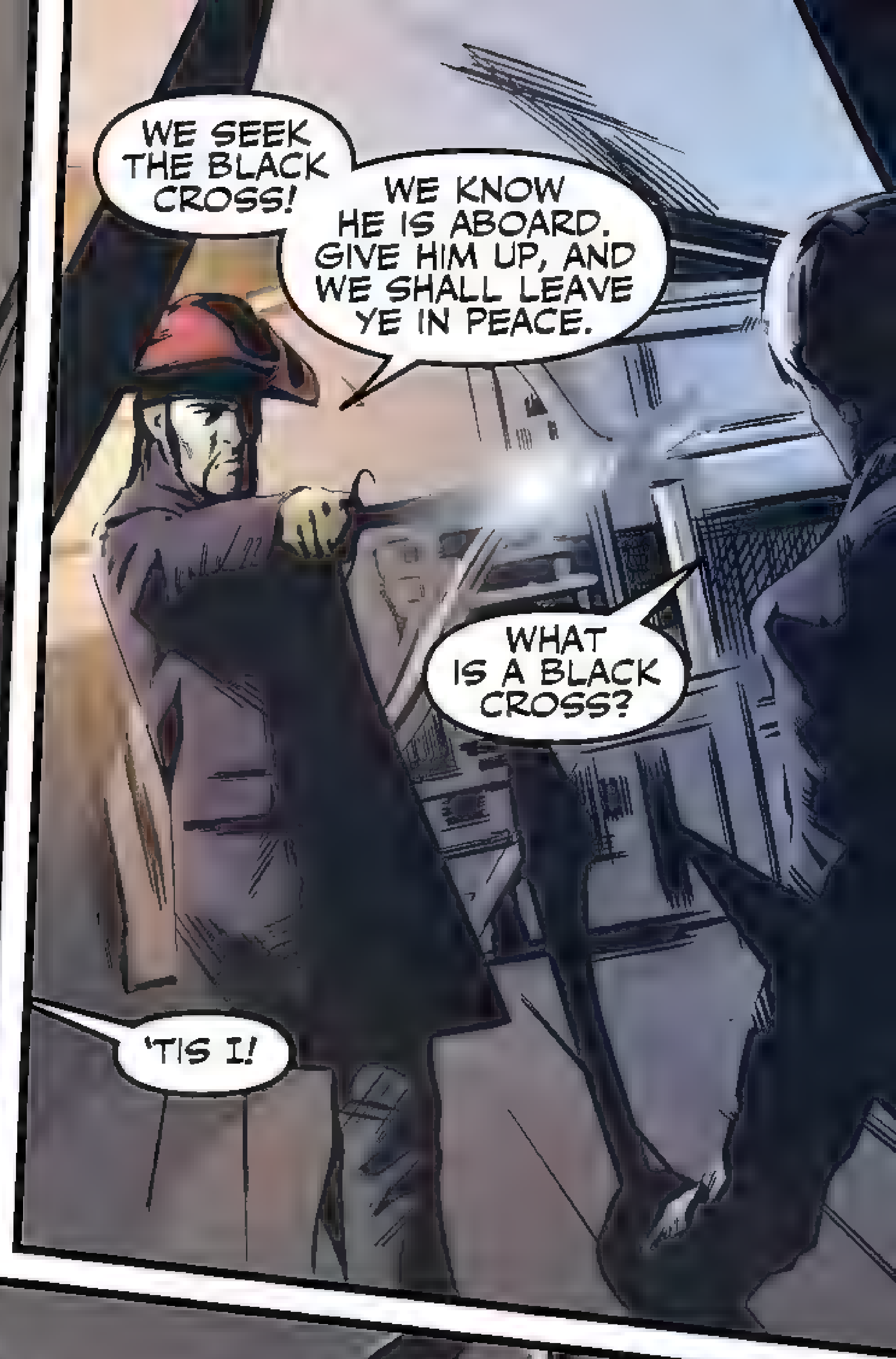


WHOEVER INFORMED YOU BOBOLYNES OF THIS SHIP DID YOU A DISSERVICE.



WE HAVE YET TO MAKE PORT. THERE'S NOTHING ABOARD OF VALUE!

NOT SO.



WE SEEK THE BLACK CROSS!

WE KNOW HE IS ABOARD. GIVE HIM UP, AND WE SHALL LEAVE YE IN PEACE.

WHAT IS A BLACK CROSS?

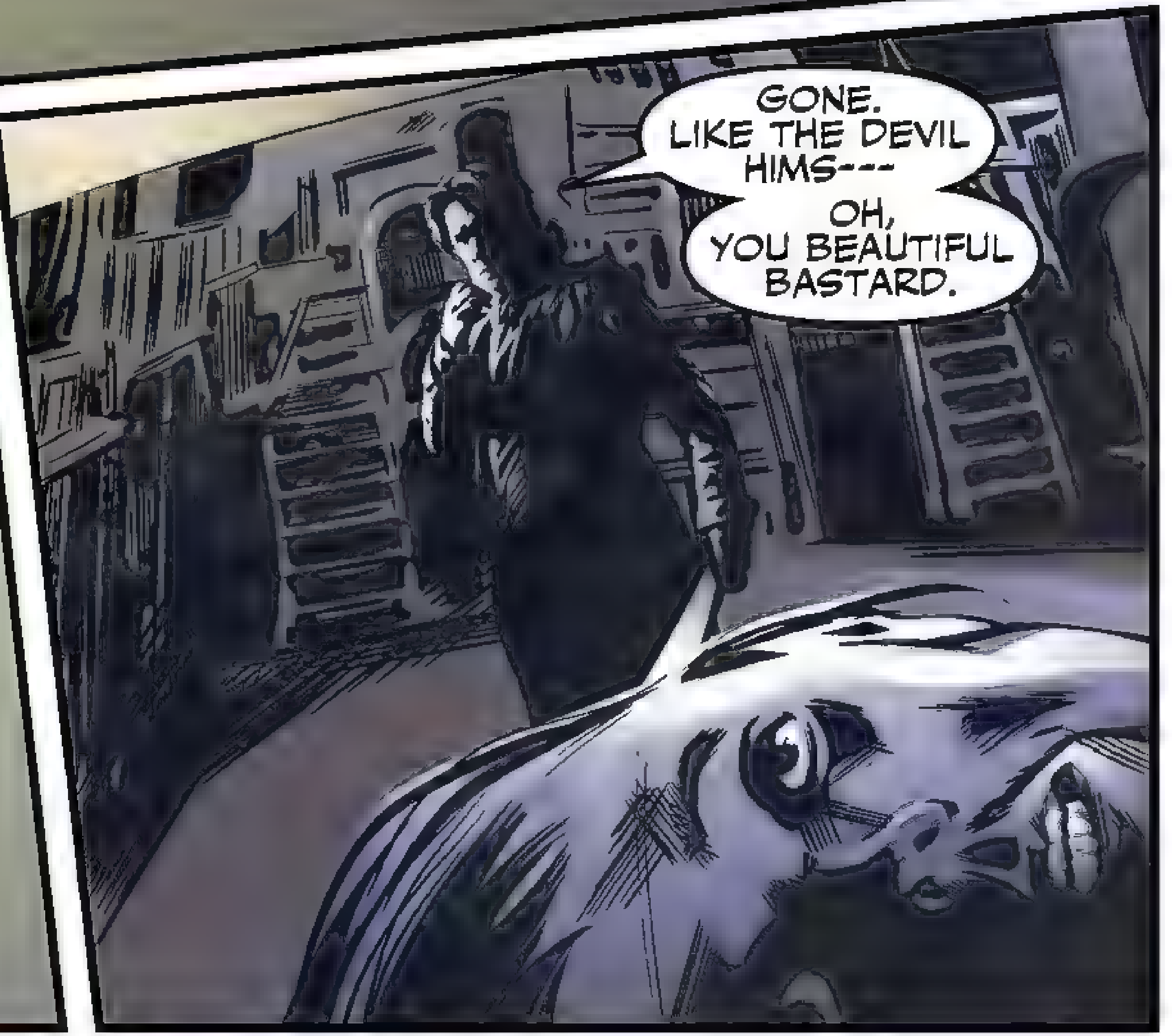
'TIS I!



YOU HAVE SOUGHT ME OUT, CUR.

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE OF ME?

ONLY YOUR UGLY HEAD.



GONE. LIKE THE DEVIL HIMSELF---

OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL BASTARD.





BY GOD'S  
TEETH, MAN! WHAT  
DEMON HAVE I  
BEFOULED TO  
BE SET UPON  
BY YE!?!

THAT'S A  
CLEVER BIT OF  
TOMFOOLERY  
WITH THE  
COSTUME.

WHY ARE  
YOU HERE VEXING  
ME INSTEAD OF  
ASSISTING WITH  
THE REMAINING  
HORDE?



AH. CURIOUS  
THING ABOUT  
HORDES. ONCE THEY  
SEE THEIR MASTER  
WITH A RED FOUNTAIN  
FOR A HEAD, THEY  
LOSE THEIR  
GUTS.

BUT I'LL  
WAGER IT'S AN  
EFFECT YOU'VE  
WITNESSED  
BEFORE.

I'VE COME  
TO OFFER YOU  
A CHANCE TO  
RECONSIDER  
MY...UH...  
OFFER.



I'VE  
ALREADY TOLD  
YOU--

BALDERDASH!  
THINK, MAN! WHOEVER  
YOU ARE TRAVELLING  
TO CONFRONT ON THE  
CONTINENT KNOWS YOU  
ARE COMING.

AND I  
WAGER I  
KNOW  
WHO.



THE  
SULTAN.

THE VERY  
ONE. WHO ELSE  
COULD BRIBE A PIRATE  
BAND TO ATTACK A  
SHIP AND **NOT** KILL  
EVERY MAN-JACK  
ON BOARD?

PIRATES ARE  
NOT KNOWN FOR  
BEING PRECISION  
INSTRUMENTS.

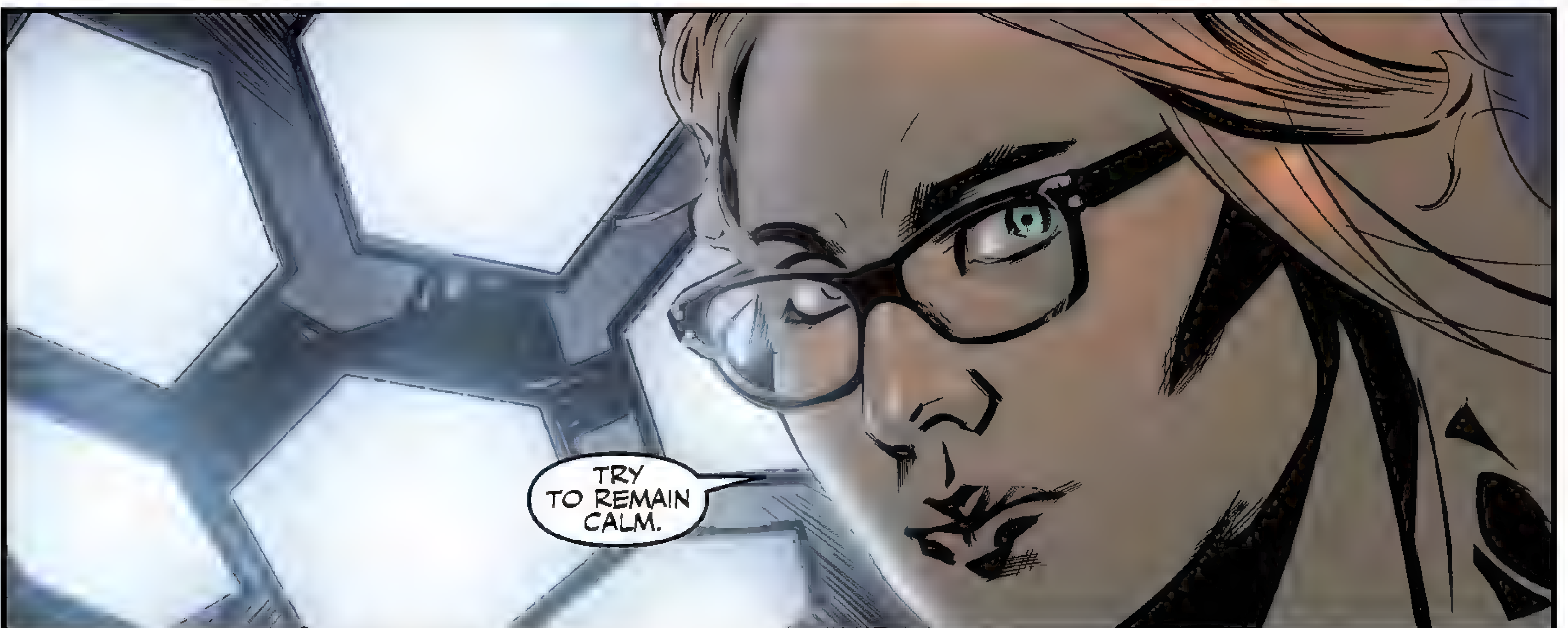


WHAT DO YOU  
PROPOSE?

















MR. BOLDEN,  
PLEASE OPEN THE  
DOOR. I CAN EXPLAIN  
EVERYTHING.



HOW YOU GONNA  
EXPLAIN PUTTING ME IN  
SOME KINDA GODDAM  
HOLODECK IN MY HEAD,  
WITH PIRATES AND ALL  
KINDS OF \$\$\$@%!

YOU  
REALLY *ARE*  
A STAR TREK  
FAN.



HA! JESUS  
CHRIST, BOY. YOU  
COME IN. BUT  
THIS BETTER  
BE GOOD.



FIRST OF  
ALL, WE HAVE  
FOUND THAT THE  
EFFECTS OF THE  
ANIMUS HAVE  
BEEN SOMEWHAT  
THERAPEUTIC. SO  
THAT WASN'T A  
COMPLETE  
LIE.

BUT  
NOT THE  
COMPLETE  
TRUTH.

NO.

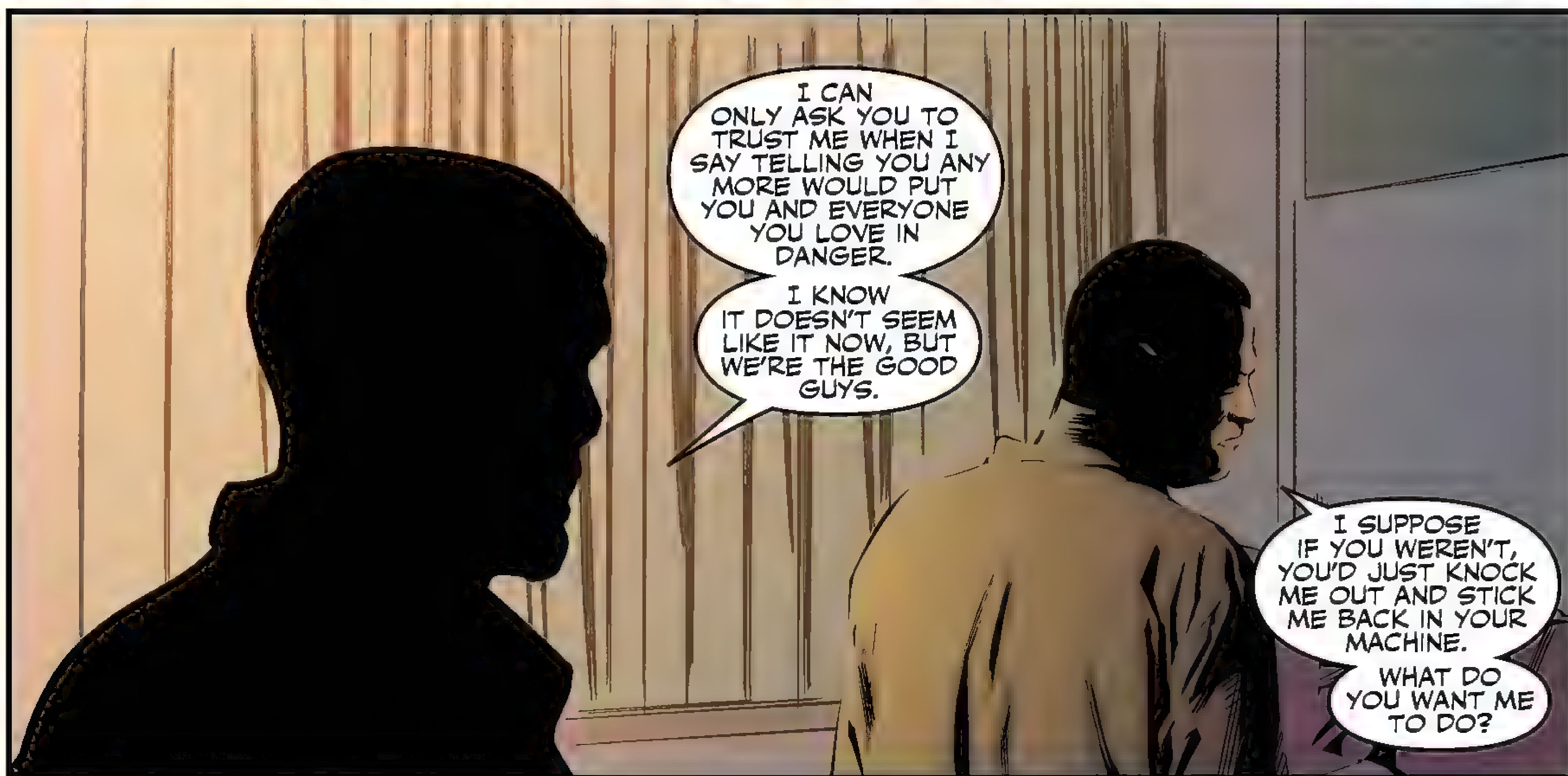
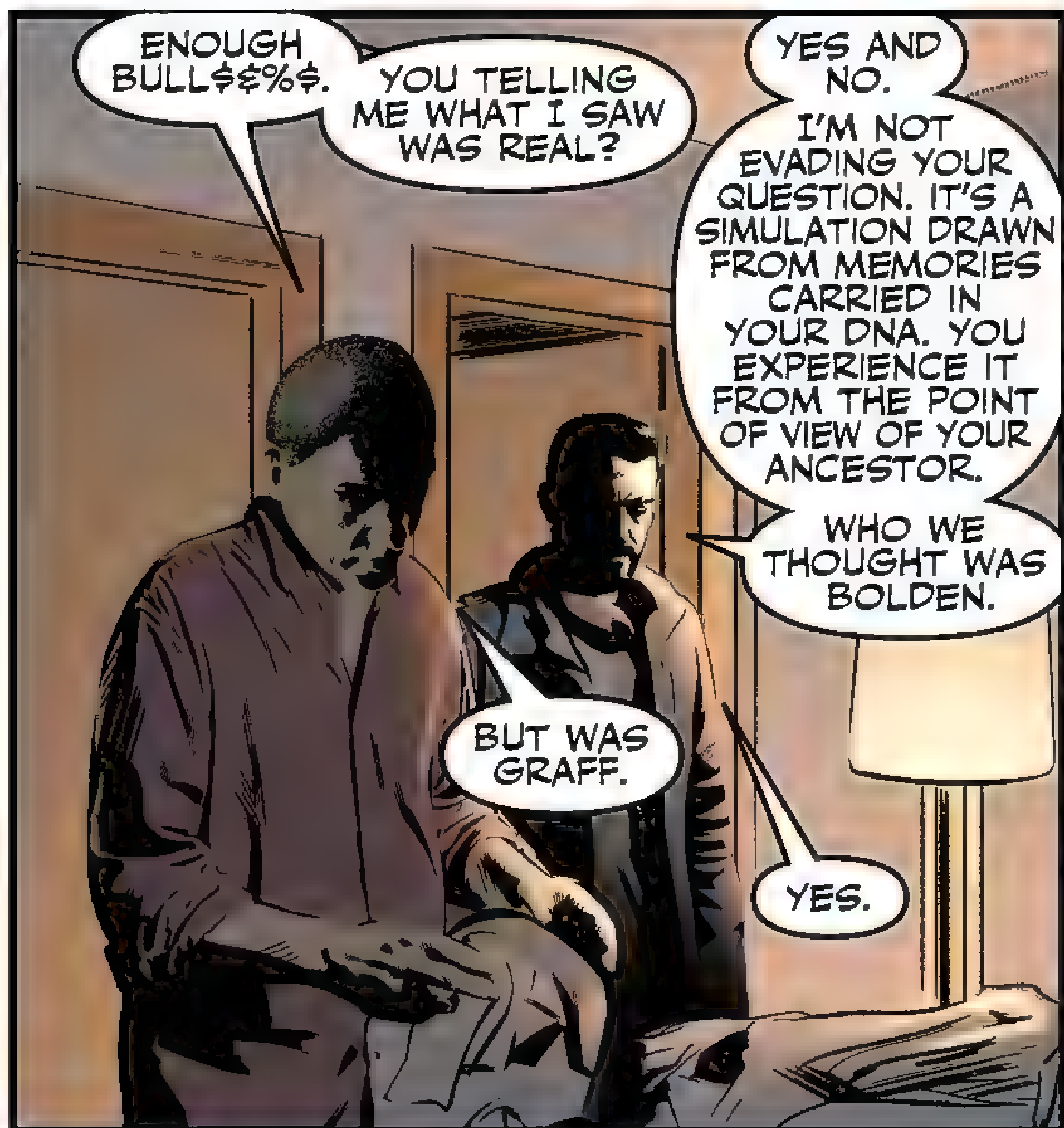
WHY WAS  
I ABLE TO THROW  
THOSE MEN AROUND  
LIKE DOLLS LIKE THAT  
LIKE I WAS BACK IN  
THE GREEN?



WE CALL  
IT A *BLEEDING*  
EFFECT. EVENTS YOU  
EXPERIENCE FROM  
THE PAST AFFECTING  
YOU MENTALLY AND  
PHYSICALLY. IT ISN'T  
DANGEROUS.

USUALLY.









ALL RIGHT. I'LL  
COME BACK TO YOUR  
LABORATORY, DR.  
FRANKENSTEIN.



ON ONE  
CONDITION...



OF COURSE. WHAT  
IS IT, ANDRE?



YOU MAY NOT BE  
ABLE TO TELL ME  
EVERYTHING.



BUT DON'T LIE  
TO ME AGAIN.

TO BE CONTINUED...



# NEXT

— ON SALE NOVEMBER —

# ISSUE



## POINTS OF VIEW...

With Andre back in the Animus chair, the Templars continue to explore the colorful history of the Black Cross through Graff and Solo's Barbary Coast exploits. But when a security breach at Abstergo threatens to quash the whole operation, it's up to Otso Berg to track down the weak link!

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# ASSASSIN'S CREED TEMPLARS

## THE BARBARY COAST

**T**he Barbary Coast (also known as the Berber Coast), was the term used by Europeans from the 16th-19th centuries to refer to the area of coastal regions of West Africa, particularly Morocco, Algeria, Tunisia, and Libya – the collective land of the Berber people.

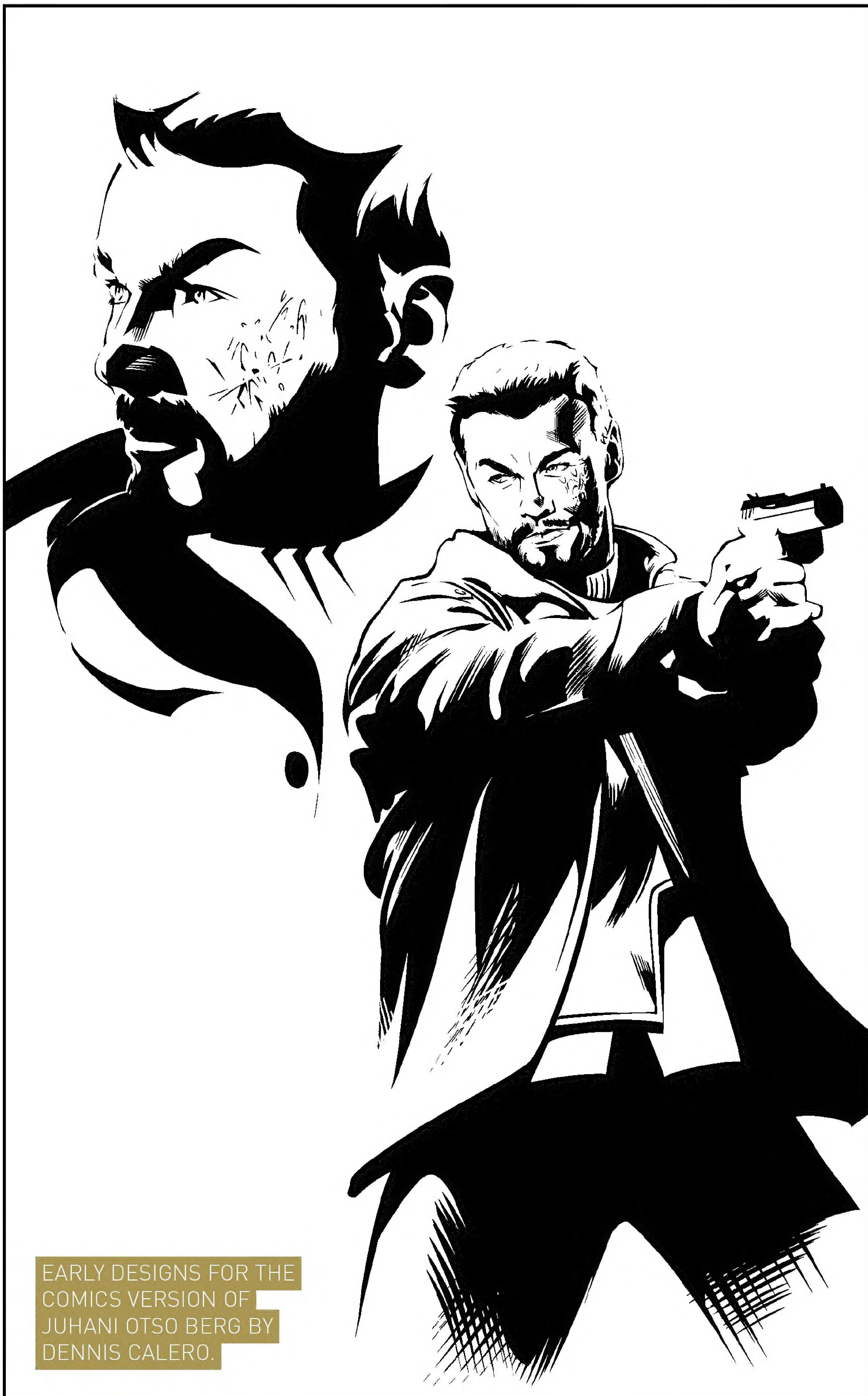
Rich in gold, ivory, and pepper, the region attracted the interest of several imperial powers and trade routes were soon established, leading to a dramatic increase in piracy.

Famed for the corsairs and privateers that dominated its waters from the 16th century onwards, the Barbary Coast also became notorious for its slave trade.

From bases in North Africa, Barbary pirates raided ships traveling through the Mediterranean, plundering cargo and enslaving crew. Raids were also conducted along the seaside towns of Western Europe, with thousands of men, women and children captured, regardless of their race or religion. This eventually led to the Barbary Wars of the early 17th century.







EARLY DESIGNS FOR THE  
COMICS VERSION OF  
JUHANI OTSO BERG BY  
DENNIS CALERO.



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